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[For The MILLION.]

GRACE.

BY JOHN B. KETCHUM.

I shall not see her face
Forevermore, through life, forevermore ;
We dwell divided on this fickle shore,
My loved and lost—my Grace !
But you will come across the distant space
In dreams, and send me visions of your face,
The face that I have not forgotten yet,
Nor ever can forget.

I shall not hear your voice
Forevermore in all the silent years,—
Silent through sounds of laughter and of tears,—
Because what once I met
I miss, 'mid song and swell of this world's joys!
Speak yet, but once, above the whir and noise,
And tell me you have not forgotten yet,
Nor ever will forget.

I shall not hold your hand
Forevermore in all this empty earth—
Empty of peace, of merriment and mirth,—
For though it holds you yet,
It holds you, somehow, sundered from my hands,
That feel for yours across the distant strands—
Your clasp that I have not forgotten yet,
Nor ever shall forget.

My waiting heart, be still !
Loving too well—how fondly true thou art !
Too true for thine own peace! O faithful heart,
Keep true and tender yet!
I know that in the fadeless summer-time
That I shall dwell with parted friends divine,
And know that I am not forgotten yet,
Nor ever need forget.

New York, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1899.

Select Miscellany.

The Boston of 1828 and the Boston of To-Day.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

The substance of the following interesting paper was delivered as an address in Boston, commemorating the New England Fast Day, which is still held in reverent memory by more than one of the sturdy men and women of the older generation, who regretted its being abolished to give place to Patriots' Day.

I HAVE in my possession the proclamation for a Fast Day in 1828. The contrast between the Boston of that day and the Boston of this is like the contrast between two planets. No railway came into Boston. Ninety-nine hundredths of the people of Boston did not know what a railway was. No steamboat touched at a Boston pier. The village, which was little more, was fed by supplies which were received by sloops and schooners from Maine, from Rhode Island, from the Hudson river and the Chesapeake. There were not twenty coal fires or furnaces in the town,—I think not five. There were not twenty-five blocks of connected buildings in the town, except the continuous row of what was the main street, which we call Washington street.

There was one Latin school for the fitting of boys for college, and three or four other public schools where boys could learn the three R's, and where girls were admitted from October to April. The girls had a vacation from April to October. There were perhaps twenty-five churches of different Christian communions, one of which was the small Catholic Cathedral in Franklin Place. Three of them were Episcopal churches, and the others were about evenly divided between people who would call themselves orthodox and those who called themselves liberals. All the people, with very few exceptions, were of the old New England type and origin. Everybody spoke the native dialect. I do not suppose that there were a hundred people in the town who could not read and write if they were more than six years old.

As I have passed from one of these points to another you have noticed that they were in absolute contrast with the Boston of to-day. In many respects the Boston of to-day has made immense advance on that large village. In many respects we have lost ground. If I had a city to build, every house should have windows, light, and air on each of its four sides, as almost every house in Boston had then; nor should any house be higher than any house was then. Here, on the one side, is a loss; but we have the compensation of the trolley, the bicycle, and the local trains. Thus, I can go out to Charles river at Riverside, and can have a row on the water for an hour, and be back in the Boston streets two hours from the time I started. I could not have done this then. Such considerations are essential in discussions of morals and of spiritual life, because life in the open air is so essential in such things.

Practically, in those days everybody knew everybody. People are tempted to say now that nobody knows anybody. This is not true. But the exaggeration ought to be considered and squarely met.

People talk what they call politics more than they did then, but I do not think there is as much public spirit. I observed some time since that a leading newspaper, in announcing a subordinate appointment at the poor-house, said in a large head-line: "He gets so many dollars a week." The same paper announced the appointment of a United States judge in the same way. What seemed to the editor the important thing was not that this judge would hold the most distinguished judicial office to which a nation could appoint a man, but that he would "get" so many thousand dollars a year. Now, I do not think that public office was so regarded then. I remember perfectly the first time I heard it intimated that a member of the legislature came to Boston because the State paid him two dollars a day. It was thought an absurd jest,—as absurd as if you said that a young girl went to her first ball because she wanted a macaroon or a cocoanut cake. Or it was as if you said that Charles Lowell or Charles Devens went

into the Civil War because, as my newspaper friends would say, he would "get" so many dollars. I mean that I think things rested on public spirit more than they appear to do now.

Religiously, I think that the change in those seventy-five years, from Boston, the largest village in New England, to Boston, the largest city, has been a great improvement. It is true that everybody then did his own religious thinking, or said he did, and that now only half the people say this. The other half squarely say that they have turned over that matter to other people, as I turn over to an insurance company the insurance of my house. This is the position assumed by people who defer to the decisions of the Roman Catholic Church, and they make up, I suppose, about one-half of our population. This complete change in the drift of the religious habits of the people is, perhaps, the most marked distinction between the Boston of 1828 and that of to-day. It seems to me a very great misfortune in the religious status of Boston that her people should be divided so absolutely into two camps, not fighting with each other, but ignorant of each other. At the same time, I am sure that the century, whether in its final theology, on the one hand, or in its study of God's rule, on the other, has created a generation of men and women who are much nearer to God in their thought and life than their fathers were. It is easier for them to draw near to God, easier for them to feel his immanent presence, and to feel that he draws near to them.

There were very few Jews in Boston in 1828, and they had no regular place of worship. The negroes were the descendants of those who were emancipated in 1780 by the adoption of the State Constitution. They were very few in number.

The population of the district now covered by Boston was probably about eighty thousand in 1828. The same district has probably eight times as many people now; say, six hundred thousand.

An inerease very much larger is the growth of the property held in common by these people. Thus, there were then five school-houses owned by the municipality, the outside cost of which was perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. The same city now owns more than seventy school-houses, the least of which is, I suppose, worth in money more than all of them were at that time. Public libraries, public hospital buildings, the machinery of the fire department, and expensive system of water supply and sewers, have all been added since then, and belong to all the citizens. A man puts his name on the voting list, and he owns his share in this immense estate. So, when an Italian or Russian emigrant lands at East Boston with his wife and children, we virtually say to him that, if he will stay with us five years, he shall at the end of that time be a joint proprietor with us of a magnificent joint property, of which his share, were it equally divided, would be six or seven thousand dollars. No community in the world makes such promise and fulfills it. There is little wonder if the man stays, with his family, and does not take them to the Klondyke.

It is easy to see, from so slight a sketch as this of the Boston of to-day, that our Fast Day reflections involve considerable for the future which did not cross the mind of John Pierpont, for instance, as he preached in 1826 or 1828 on the Fast Day appointed by Governor Lincoln. He had to entreat the public-spirited men before him to reform the school system, and they did it. Every man and woman who went to school in Boston knows to how much purpose they did it. You and I have to watch the immense machine which the fathers have created, and to see that it is much more than a machine. Life instead of routine is what we need there. And this means education in place of instruction. We want to do more than to teach the fact that eight quarts are called a peck, and that four pecks are called a bushel. We want to lead up the boy to be a man who can find facts for himself, and use them in the common service; and we want the school, when the time comes, to help the girl as she changes into a woman, to teach our children that each lives for all, and that the State and the city live for each. That is our central business.

There are other special departments of the administration of public affairs where the private citizen has every day a public duty. There is the administration of the police force. It is a department of government which has grown up since 1828 out of nothing. It has to this hour no formal code of law; and perhaps the greatest task which some young statesman could take in hand would be the codifying of the decisions and the regulations which describe its range and authority. I always like to make the officers of the police force understand that I consider their business and mine to be the same. "Who taketh away the sin of the world,"—that is their motto, as it ought to be mine in my calling. It is as much yours, in your calling, to see that men are not led into temptation; to see that they are led out of it if they have been led in.

In 1828, as in 1899, they were battling with their liquor problem, as we are now. It is interesting in English history to see that when in 1742 George II.'s ministers forced on unwilling London the open bar,—the "gin palace," as they call it to-day,—England was as much surprised as New England would be to-day if Governor Wolcott should establish public opium dens because he wanted the revenue he could collect from them. The famous Lord Chesterfield says it was the only time he voted with the Bench of Bishops, who unanimously opposed the creation of that novelty, the dram-shop. Chesterfield taunted the ministers. He said: "You will learn to curse the day when both your political parties sold out their power to brewers and distillers." Chesterfield's prophecy has proved true in England, where both parties have to obey the liquor interests of England. And the heads of both parties would say the same to me here. To limit, as effectively as we can, the number of open bars, to keep them under the closest supervision possible, is the duty of the hour,—a duty quite as much under the eye of the individual citizen as it was in the days of Dudley and of Winthrop.

I am rather proud to say that, under the arrangements of our church, the questions of methods in public administration are carefully studied in our Citizenship Class from week to week. If we only publicly proclaimed in this way that these things are under the eye and discipline of religion as much as the Feast of Tabernacles ever was, as the sacred music of shawms and trumpets and sackbuts ever was, that proclamation would be worth a great deal. But in fact we do much more. To give a careful hour's thought to the best method of administration, in health, in education, in the relief of poverty, in the establishment of homes, is to direct the conversation of the week, the duties of the week, let me say, the prayers of the week.

"As God lives and as I live, I will do something for others. God grant that, as I live, the state may take care of me." "All for each and each for all."

We come back to the vow and promise of the fathers.

"What is the chief end of man, my dear child?"

"The chief end of man, sir, is to live to the glory of God, and to enjoy him forever."

The little fellow did not know what the words meant, perhaps. He had been hired by his mother to learn them, by the gift of a stick of cinnamon or a block of maple sugar from her pantry. But he had learned them and he could say them. He is to be a man. If he is to be a man he must live to the glory of God; not for his own greed or comfort or renown, but to the glory of God,—that God may reign, that God's kingdom may come. Where God places him he must stand, though he die, a sentinel on duty. What God orders he must do, a picket in the advance, though no other man do it. For, as God lives, this Boston in which he repeats this catechism, this New England which was founded by men who sought God here, shall be true to their foundation. This Boston shall be the city of God. This New England shall be a kingdom where He alone is king. His wish is our duty. Our success is that we enjoy him forever.—*The Coming Age.*

On Divorce.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, of the Catholic church, makes a statement regarding the divorce question which we commend to the careful reading of every citizen. The Cardinal says:

"I am requested to state fully the attitude of the church toward divorce, a question which has lately been brought into painful prominence.

"Marriage in the view of the church, is the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed. Every human compact may be lawfully dissolved but this. Nations may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other, merchants may dissolve partnership, brothers will eventually leave the paternal roof, and like Jacob and Esau, seperate from one another; friends, like Abraham and Lot, may be obliged to part company, but by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can severe the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied, for 'what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'

"Three of the evangelists, as well as the spostles of the Gentiles, proclaim the indissolubility of marriage and forbid a wedded person to engage in second wedlock during the life of his spouse. There is, indeed, scarcely a moral precept more strongly enforced in the Gospel than the indissoluble character of marriage validly contracted.

"The Catholic church, following the light of the Gospel, forbids a divorced man to enter into second espousals during the life of his former partner. This is the enflexible law she first proclaimed in the face of pagan emperors and people, and which she has ever upheld, in spite of the passions and voluptuousness of her own rebellious children.

"Henry the VIII, of England, once an obedient son and defender of the Church, conceived, in an evil hour, a criminal attachment for Anne Boleyn, a lady of the Queen's household, whom he desired to marry after being divorced for from his lawful consort Catherine of Arragon. But Pope Clemet VII, whose sanction he solicited, sternly refused to ratify the seperation though the Pontiff could have easily foreseen that his determined action would involve the church in persecution and a whole nation in the unhappy schism of its ruler.

"Had the Pope acquiesced in the repudiation of Catherine and in marriage of Anne Boleyn, England would indeed have been spared to the church, but the church herself would have surrendered her peerless title of mistress of truth.

"The family is the source of society; the wife is the source of the family. If the fountain is not pure, the stream is sure to be foul and muddy. Social life is the reflex of family life. And if we would clearly understand whither as a nation we are drifting when we forsake the christian standard of morals and the christian precepts concerning the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie, the history of woman in pagan countries should enlighten us. Women in pagan countries, with rare exceptions, suffered bondage, oppression and moral degradation. She had no rights that the husband felt bound to respect.

"The holiness of the marriage bond is the palladium of woman's dignity, while polygamy and divorce involve her in bondage and degradation. The church has ever maintained, in accordance with the teachings of our Savior, that no man can lawfully have more than one wife, and no woman more than one husband. The rights and obligations of both consorts are correlative. To give to the husband the license of two or more wives would be an injustice to his spouse and destructive of domestic peace.

The church has also invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death—for, 'what God hath joined together, man cannot put asunder.'

"While admitting that there may be legitimate cause for seperation, she never allows any pretext for the absolute dissolution of the marriage bond.

"There was a total of 328,716 divorces in the United States in the twenty years, 1867–1886. Of these there were 122,121 in the first half of the period and 206,595 in the last half.

"That is to say, the divorces in the latter half were 69 per cent. more than those in the first half. The population between 1870 and 1880 increased only 30 per cent. The divorces in 1870 were 10,962 and in 1880 they were 19,663, and, as the table shows, they are in 1886 more than two and one-half times what they were in 1867.

"I have not had the figures for the last decade, but there is no reason to believe that they show any decrease in the awful industry of the divorce courts.

"From the figures I have quoted it is painfully manifest that the cancer of divorce is spreading over the community and poisoning the fountains of the nation. Unless the evil is checked by some speedy and heroic remedy, the very existence of family life is imperilled. How can we call ourselves a christian nation if we violate a fundamental law of christianity? And if the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage does not constitute a cardinal principle of the christian religion, I am at a loss to know what does.

"Let the imagination picture to itself the fearful wrecks daily caused by this rock of scandal and the number of families that are cast adrift on the ocean of life. Great stress is justly laid by moralists on the observance of the Sunday. But what mockery is the external repose of the christian Sabbath to homes from which domestic peace is banished by war, where the mother's heart is broken, the father's spirit is crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other.

"And these melancholy scenes are followed by the final act in the drama when the family ties are dissolved, and hearts that had vowed eternal love and union are separated to meet no more.

"This social plague calls for a radical cure; and the remedy can be found only in the abolition of our mischievous legislation regarding divorce and in an honest application of the teachings of the Gospel. If persons contemplating marriage were persuaded that once united they were legally debarred from entering into second wedlock they would be more circumspect before marriage in the choice of a life partner and would be more patient afterward in bearing the yoke and in tolerating each others infirmities."

Graves of Presidents.

Of all the presidents of the United States who have lived their allotted time and passed away forever from those scenes which formerly knew them, only three—Lincoln, Garfield and Grant—may be said to be worthily entombed, says Harper's Weekly. The graves of the remainder, scattered here and there, are in most cases only very moderately commemorated, and usually the memorial has been erected by the family or friends of the dead, rarely by the public or the state. In three instances forgetfulness of the departed has assumed something more than the aspect of neglect, and the last resting places of James Madison, William Henry Harrison and John Tyler have for long periods either presented all the melancholy signs of utter desolation or, as in the case of Tyler, have remained altogether unmarked.

The pilgrim who would visit Madison's grave must first cross the wide open field of that red clayey briery kind characteristic of the Old Diminion. In the midst is a small burial plot, inclosed by a moldering, dilapidated brick wall. The spot is solitary and desolate and lonely with that loneliness peculiar to the family graveyard, where fallen headstones, sunken mounds and a wilderness of weeds attest but too plainly the ingratitude of the living throng. Within the inclosure are several graves, and in one of these, almost forgotten in the sleep of death, lie the ashes of James Madison, the fourth president of the United States and one of the great men of the nation's earlier history.

William Henry Harrison died a few weeks after assuming his duties as president. A few days thereafter he was buried in the Cogressional cemetery at Washington, but in July the same year his remains were removed to North Bend, Ohio, Harrisons's former home, 15 miles west of Cincinnati, and there interred in a vault on the family domain which had been prepared to receive them. For many years thereafter his tomb was totally neglected by friends and state and the world at large. In the summer of 1897, however, Benjamin Harrison rebuilt his grandfather's tomb, and, as restored, the monument is worthy of a kinsman's memory, though, of course, it is in no sense a testimonial of a nation's reverence.

Of all the occupants of the presidential seat, Tyler alone may be said to have been wholly and persistently neglected in his place of sepulcher. Tyler, whose administration was a stormy one and marked by stirring events, died in January 1862, and was buried with great honor in Hollywood cemetery, at Richmond, in what is known as the "presidents' plot." This is a section of ground containing 804 square feet, which was purchased by Govenor Wise of Virginia on bchalf of the state, the original intention having been to bury therein all of Virginia's sons who attained to the presidency. The plan failed of execution, however, and James Monroe and John Tyler only have been buried in the preidents's plot. They lie there side by side in undisturbed repose. Monroe's grave is marked by a modest monument, but only a spreading magnolia tree shows where Tyler takes his long, last rest, and few of those who pass along the cemetery walks have any idea that beneath that little mound of green lie the ashes of one whose part in American history was neither languid nor unesteemed and small.

Could the fulfillment of President McKinley's suggestion, that the Confederate cemeteries be placed under national control, be better prefaced by anything than by the erection over John Tyler's grave of a fit memorial, raised from funds subscribed by the people of the whole country? Especially now, when the flag of the nation is floating over distant lands, it is appropriate for the American people to remember that the man who was largely instrumental in securing the annexation of Texas and the vast territory beyond sleeps to-day in an unmarked grave, unhonored, and, so far as the nation is concerned, neglected and unknown.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Favorite of the Regiment.

A colonel in a Southern camp overheard an excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and a lawbreaker, and when the war broke out, he was given his choice to enlist in the army, or to serve a term in jail.

The Colonel was about giving an order to suit his case, when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said: "Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling around with another half-uttered oath, he saw a red-cheeked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, Little Piety," he said. "I didn't know you was here," and he walked away, apparently more ashamed than if an officer had silenced him.

The life of this lad—"Little Piety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the war of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow privates, became the favorite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable ways. In his character, religion was something more than an adjective, and the nickname the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At a reunion of this regiment, not long since, the Colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanished names of the old muster roll, and said at last: "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts."

"We know who you mean," the men answered. "We shall never forget Little Piety."

The Colonel repeated the tale, old but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, where the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be sent to the front "with the boys," and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle, and the after-scene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to outgrow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men, mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge; and near the head of the line, with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky, we found Little Piety.

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live oak by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved:

"'Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel. and one day I had a caller, a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if remembered him. I did not.

"'You remember Little Piety?'

"'Yes.'

"'And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado, and came out a man—and Little Piety's gentle influence opened the way for me to do it.'"—*Ex.*

Music in the Church.

There are probably few musicians whose standard of music was higher than that of J. Spencer Curwen, and few more capable of giving a word of advice. He offers the following suggestions as a result of long experience:

1. Decide which portions of the service the congregation is to join in, and in which the choir alone is to sing.

2. Remember that it is not only inability to sing that keeps congregations silent—it is diffidence, indifference, and dislike to be heard; therefore the congregation must be exhorted by the minister, and their vocal duty in service explained.

3. Train the congregation quite apart from the choir. Engage the choir-master, or a special sight-singing teacher, to meet them once a week through the winter.

4. He will work from simple exercises, blackboard, charts, etc., and will introduce the necessary chant and hymn-tunes in educational order, the diatonic first, the chromatic later.

5. Settle the congregational chants and hymns a month beforehand, and print a list. Encourage families to practice the music in advance at home.

6. As the training of the congregation progresses, draw up a list of chants and tunes that they know, and keep rigidly to it.

7. Both in chants and tunes, choose the broad, diatonic, solid style for the congregation, and give ornate music to the choir.

Do you think of buying any musical instrument? Send for our catalogue and see how we price them.

For The Million.

Human Tyranny.

BY REV. J. M. GRAYBILL.

"When we take a survey of the moral state of the world, as delineated in the history of nations, or as depicted by modern voyagers and travelers, we find abundant illustration of the tyranny of man." We learn "not only the most obscene practices and immoral abominations, but the perpetration of the most horrid cruelties. We have only to turn our eyes to Hindostan, to Tartary, Dahomy, Benin, Ashantee, and other states in Africa; New Zealand, the Marquessis, the Sandwich Islands and the Society Isles in the Southern Pacific, prior to their moral transformation, in order to be convinced of this melancholy truth." The horrid, fiendish destruction of new-born children; the burning of living wives upon the dead bodies of their husbands; the drowning of aged and helpless parents; the sacrifice of live human beings upon altars of fire; putting to death, by slow and agonizing tortures, prisoners of war; the treachery, revenge and murders are only a few specimens of man's tyranny.

In writing of human tyranny, we may note:

1. Official Tyranny. The following statements are from Captain Cochrane's travels in Russia: "On arriving at the Prussian frontiers, my passport was demanded, myself interrogated by a set of whiskered ruffians, obliged to move from one guard to another, the object of sarcasm and official tyranny. I wanted no inducement, fatigued as I was, to proceed on my journey, but even this was not permitted me. A large public room, full of military rubbish, and two long benches serving as chairs, to an equally long table, were the place and furniture allotted me. I asked the landlord for supper; he laughed at me; and to my demand of a bed, grinningly pointed to the floor, and refused me even a portion of the straw which had been brought in for the soldiers. Of all the demons that ever existed, or have been imagined in human shape, I thought the landlord of the inn the blackest. The figure of Gil Peres occurred to me, but it sunk in comparison with the wretch then before me for ill nature, malignity, and personal hideousness. His face half covered with a black beard, and large, bristly whiskers, his stature below the common, his head sunk between his shoulders to make room for the protuberance of his back; his eyes buried in the ragged locks of his lank, grisly hair;—added to this a club foot, and a voice which, on every attempt to speak, was like the shrieking of a screech-owl,—and you have some faint idea of this mockery of a man"—an official tyrant.

2. Military Tyranny. Ashdrubal, who tortured his captives by cutting off their noses, fingers, arms, and legs; putting out their eyes, tearing their skin to pieces with iron rakes and harrows, and then throwing them headlong from the top of his battlements. Hamilcar, who threw all the prisoners he captured to be devoured by wild beasts. Antiochus Epiphanes, who butchered forty thousand of the inhabitants of Jerusalem in cold blood, and rushed forward like an infernal demon to destroy all the inhabitants of Judea. Jenghis Khan, who caused seventy chiefs to be thrown into as many cauldrons of boiling water, and having a hundred thousand captive soldiers to be beneaded at one time. Tamerlane, who built large walls with living human beings, among bricks and mortar, whose wrath had no bounds, who may be ranked with the greatest tyrants,—and thousands more who cursed the earth with their hellish deeds—monster subjects of rage and cruelty.

3. Ecclesiastical Tyranny. The past history of the Christian religion is darkened by the crimes and cruelties of church tyrants. The edicts of emperors, prelates and ecclesiastics were carried out even to banishment and death. The plains of Europe were watered with the blood of the slain, by ecclesiastical authority and tyranny. The fires of Smithfield, England, are still vividly recollected as the inhuman acts of the tyranny of prelates and bishops. And even our own America, with its boasted religious freedom, is dark and repulsive with intolerance and tyranny. How happy would it be for us to profit by the sad experience of the past, and by our christian liberty cover, in a measure, at least, the gloomy and appalling scenes of the past, and thus manifest by our fervent charity the true principles and spirit of the Christian religion.

4. Domestic Tyranny. Lord Byron was one of the greatest domestic tyrants, as will appear from the following sketch of his life by R. C. Dallas: "Resentment, anger and hatred held full sway over him; and his greatest gratification was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction, against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation, and the Creator. Misanthropy, disgust of life, leading to scepticism and impiety, prevailed in his heart, and embittered his existence. Unaccustomed to female society, he at once dreaded it. He was so completely disgusted with his relations, especially the female part of them, that he completely avoided them. He declaimed against the ties of consanguinity, and abjured even the society of his sister, from which he entirely withdrew himself," to be tortured by the demon of hate which dwelt in him. Can we have a greater picture of an individual in whom anger, hatred, and resentment reigned so dominant and uncontrolled?

The spirit of tyranny dwells in many hearts at the present time, and we see shocking exhibitions of it in the circumscribed place called home, where children, the horse, the cow, the dog, and the less inferior animals intensely suffer from those who call themselves masters—but really the greatest tyrants in the world in their limited sphere of human action. What would we have if we had a world of such tyrants? A society of hell on earth.

Vessels that Vanish.

It seems passing strange, considering the enormous amount of ocean traffic carried on nowadays, that it should be possible for a vessel to put out to sea in fit condition, only to vanish from the face of the waters and leave no indication of her fate. True, there are hundreds of unidentified derelicts floating about the seas, and some of them may be the vessels which have so mysteriously vanished.

It is appalling to think of such mysteries as the fates of these vessels, which, setting sail with hundreds of passengers to whom the voyage perhaps promises happiness, wealth and all the joys of life, never reach their destination and are never again heard of.

Take the case of the Burvie Castle as a striking example. She vanished, not in midocean, but between the ports of London and Plymouth. Into the latter port she should have put on her way to Australia. But she never reached Plymouth, and not a living soul knows how or where she should have been lost so near to land without so much as a spar being washed ashore to tell of her fearful fate.

Equally mysterious is the case of the Atalanta. This famous training vessel was stationed off Bermuda with more than 250 souls aboard. Early in 1880 she set sail for a short cruise, and from that day to this she has never been heard of.

A very considerable percentage of the vessels which disappear forever in this mysterious manner were running between England and America at that time. It might be thought that the terrific seas of the vast Atlantic were responsible, but it has been proved that many vessels were lost when the ocean was almost at dead calm.

A large sailing ship left New Orleans some years ago for London. Thrice she was spoken and reported all well, and she was facing exquisite weather and a smooth sea at the third time. Yet it is known she was lost with all hands within 24 hours, and to this day no trace of her has been discovered.

In the early part of 1892 a five mast bark, the Maria, a newly contructed vessel and at that time the third largest in the mercantile marine, set sail in beautiful weather from one of the biggest ports in Cochin China for Hamburg, with every promise of a fair voyage. But she never reached Germany. She vanished shortly after being spoken off the west coast of Africa, and nothing has been found since to indicate the fate that befell her.

Another vessel running between England and America which met an end of a kind none but those who shared it ever knew was the first-class steamship President. She sailed from New York for a journey to Liverpool in the spring of 1841, having on board a full crew of experienced hands and officers and a distinguished company of passengers. She left New York in fine weather, in splendid condition and with no reason for fearing anything she was likely to meet. But she was never spoken and never heard of again, and, although 57 years have passed, no one yet knows to what dire calamity her end was due.—*London Mail.*

Twenty Cents a Day for Rum.

The following letter, written to a Pennsylvania grocer, makes interesting reading not only to men who spend money for liquor, but to men in legitimate business who have goods to sell:

"Dear Sir:—having been accustomed to spending twenty cents a day for whiskey, I find by saving it I can order from you during one year the following articles:

3 Barrels of flour,
100 Pounds granulated sugar,
25 Pounds corn starch,
125 Pounds macaroni,
60 Pounds white beans,
6 Pounds ground pepper,
1 Dozen scrubbing brushes,
50 Pounds soda,
20 Pounds of roasted coffee,
25 Cans tomatoes,
24 Cans mackeral,
50 Pounds best raisins,
1 Dozen packages herbs,
40 Pounds oatmeal,
20 Pounds rice,
1 Barrel crackers,
100 Pounds hominy,
18 Pounds mincemeat,
1 Dozen brooms,
12 Bottles machine oil,
20 Pounds Oolong tea,
24 Cans green peas,
20 Pounds dried apples,
25 Pounds prunes,
40 Pounds laundry starch,
26 Pounds table salt,
25 Pounds Lard,
12 Bottles maple syrup,
100 Bars soap,
2 Gallons chow-chow,
1 Ream note paper,
500 Envelops,
2 Newspapers for one year.

"I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much; I now live better and buy more for my family."

Typewriting for the Stygians.

The first instalment of John Kendrick Bangs's new story, "The Enchanted Typewriter," appears in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. In it Mr. Bangs will once more have for his leading characters the shades of those who have passed across the Styx.

The typewriter itself is an aged machine which is resurrected from the rubbish of the writer's attic. In the silent hours of the night he hears the keys mysteriously clicking, and finds that the operator is none other than the shade of James Boswell, who gives him much humorous and interesting information on affairs in the lower regions. The tale is told with all the author's well known wit and cleverness of style.

Gems.

Gathered for the Million by Mrs. D. M. Grohe.

All other virtues follow in the train of truth.

Keep good principles and they will keep you.

They that are humble are content and thankful.

Man is not made for the world, but the world for man.

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.

A kind word, nay, even a kind look, may often afford comfort to the afflicted.

We should be sincere in all we say or do, and never depart from the truth.

No life can be empty which is controlled by a high purpose; no life can satisfy which lacks one.

Conscience and the Bible are the only friends who dare always to tell us the truth about ourselves.

God's richest treasures for us are stored in the prayer closet. We can possess them only by dwelling much there.

Employment lengthens life, and congenial employment makes it happier. To be busily happy in making the utmost of one's capabilities is fullness of living.

Cannon Farrar on Wealth.

And blessed, too, in these days is every example which illustrates how few and simple are the real needs of life; every example, whether of the rich or of the struggling, which pours silent contempt on the divinity of gold. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; but it shall be the nobler lot of these to clothe nations in spontaneous mourning, and go to the grave among the benedictions of the poor."

Let England then, and let America, learn that swollen fortunes and material prosperity are no signs of a nation's strength. Pagan Rome was never so strong as when her dictators came from the plowshare, never so weak as when in her colossal wealth she had scarcely a freeman left. In the Middle Ages Papal Rome stood raking into chests the countless gold of her jubilee, just before she endured her most humiliating disgrace. Spain was dropping to pieces in the rottenness of inward decay just when all the gold of the New World was flowing like the tide of La Plata in the treasury of her kings. Oh, let us learn that the country's wealth means a country's weal; and that does not consist in gold, but in the justice, the mercy, the temperance, in the strong, pure hearts of her sons and daughters. Without these wealth may be a sign of inward weakness, just as the gorgeous conflagration of our autumnal woods is but the precursor of their barrenness and the proof of their decay.

The Bird and the Battle.

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening, after a long march, they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers, so the oft-told story goes, was a little drummer boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum, the tapping of her beak wakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defense.

The skill of the king, William III., won that day, July 12, 1690, the battle of the Boyne; but if it had not been for the little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.—*Word and Way.*

The Humorous Side.

The practical joker must always be willing to have the fun turned back upon himself, for his efforts often result in his own discomfiture.

"Father," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two!" replied the smart boy; "there are three, sir; and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter of fact man; "I'd like to see you prove it."

'Easily done, easily done. Is not that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first; "and that two?" pointing to the second; "and do not one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to his wife, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged;" and then to show that there's fun in old folks as well as in young ones, he added, "Wife, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning.—*The Standard.*

Sun Baths.

For your complexion, for your circulation, for anæmia, and for sleeplessness take sun baths—at least that is the advice that a celebrated New York physician is giving this year.

He contends that sun is as necessary to the body as water, and that it is the best sort of a tonic as well as a beautifier. Here is the prescription:

Take all clothing off, and sit or lie in a room flooded with sunshine. Change the position often enough to bring all parts of the body in the sun's rays. Tanning and reddening will not hurt the skin, but strengthen and improve it.

This remedy is held to invigorate the entire system, to act as a preventive of colds, and improve the disposition by increasing vitality.—*From "Health and Beauty," in Demorest's Magazine for August.*

The Musician's Reward.

The question is always asked in America, the land of progress, the land of sane utility, Does it pay?

The farm, the lead-mine, the grocery, the railway, the war, the civil appointment,—each and all must answer this question in the affirmative. Now, Does music pay? Yes; every way. Music pays in three regions of our life. It affords comfortable, sometimes lucrative, occupation; it gratifies ambition in a way not harmless merely, but beneficial; and it strengthens, with richest nourishment, the inner spiritual nature. But music is not a patent medicine; not good for everybody and everything at all times. But is the law kind to the man who has no talent for the law? Does business take care of the incompetent? Does the preacher succeed who has neither been called by God or man?—*J. S. Van Cleve, in The Etude.*

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake for parents to worry their children while at the table. Worry, or any great mental trouble, hinders digestion, and sooner or later leads to a very bad stage of dyspepsia. Let the children, as well as all other members of the family, partake of their meals as pleasantly as possible. If there is any trouble on hand keep it away from the table. Nature should have a chance to do good work in the way of building up and strengthening the body. The dining room ought to be the most cheerful room in the house. Were more heed given to wise teachings along this line, there would probably be less dyspepsia in the world, and, by the way, dyspepsia has a good deal to do with religion. Dyspeptic people never enjoy religion as they would like to. Try some sunshine at the table and see if it will not prove a great blessing, both temporally and spiritually.—*Free Will Baptist.*

Concerning the origin of that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," the *Christian Leader* says: Burlington Coombe, England, is a deep ravine in the grim and frowning hill known as Black Down, which rises to the height of 1,100 feet, and is the highest summit of the beautiful Mendip Range. It is within an easy walk of Blagdon Church, of which Augustus Toplady was for some time curate in sole charge. The whole scene is most picturesque and romantic. At one point is a grand crag of m untain limestone eighty feet in height. Right down the centre of this mass of stone is a deep fissure, wherein grow, like little children playing in the arms of men in armor, soft and delicate ferns and wild flowers. Toplady was one day overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm, from which he sought refuge in this glen, between two massive piers of limestone rock. While the storm raged it inspired in his soul the idea of the hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and he wrote the hymn on the spot.—*Gospel Messenger.*

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This book embraces 38 pages Theoretical Statements, Voice Culture, Harmony, Graded Exercises and Instruction for beginners on the Organ and Violin; 26 pages pretty, easy Glees; 50 pages choice Sacred Songs, and a number of Anthems and songs for Special Occasions.

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DAYTON, VIRGINIA.

Minutes

OF THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MUSICAL CONVENTION OF BRAZOS COUNTY, TEXAS.

The third annual meeting of the Brazos County (Texas), Musical Convention was held at Reliance, June 17 and 18, 1899. The house was called to order at 10 A. M., by the President, C. E. Whittington. The convention was opened by singing, led by the president, and prayer by Rev. H. T. Palmer. The morning was spent in singing, led by various leaders.

After enjoying a good dinner, the convention was called to order at 1:30 o'clock. Song led by the president.

The welcome address was then delivered by Rev. J. M. Bullock, which made everybody feel welcome.

The convention went into organization. C. E. Bullock and Rev. H. T. Palmer were appointed as a committee to read credentials.

The convention then went into the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: C. E. Whittington re-elected president; W. H. Wiley re-elected vice-president; E. J. Beard, secretary and treasurer.

The remainder of the evening was spent in singing, with the exception of the appointment of a few committees.

The convention was called to order Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock by the president. Opened by singing, led by the president. Prayer by Rev. H. T. Palmer.

An address was then delivered by Prof. J. T. McGee, which was very edifying and much appreciated by all. His theme was on vocal music, "As it was, as it is, and as it should be."

A beautiful quartet was then rendered by Messrs. B. H. Wiley, Dyess Furguson and Miss Mammie Todd, followed by a duet by Miss Nora Thomas and J. T. Parker. Quartets were then rendered by Prof. F. L. Eiland and wife, of Waco, Texas, and Profs. J. W. Acuff and W. D. Everidge.

Report of committee on Books and Periodicals called for; report read and received.

Committee on suggestions for the good of the order reported, suggesting very forcibly the necessity of encouraging home talent by employing the young men of our country to teach our singing schools. Everybody was ready to say "Amen" to this suggestion.

Dismissed for dinner.

House called to order at 1:30 P. M. Mr. E. J. Beard read an essay on "Education," followed by two quartets by Profs. F. L. Eiland, Everidge and Acuff, and Mrs. Eiland. Solo rendered by Miss Minnie Bullock.

Prof. F. L. Eiland then made the proposition to the convention that he would give a free scholarship to any young man or lady to attend the Southern Development Normal to be taught by him at Carlton, Hamilton county, Texas. Miss Mammie Todd received the free scholarship.

Mr. A. J. Tabor was elected the next speaker for the convention.

The convention selected Wixon for the next meeting.

The convention then adjourned to meet at Wixon on the first Sunday and Saturday before in July, 1900.

There was a large attendance of delegates, and the interest shown in the work was very marked and highly creditable. Brazos county is justly proud of her singers, and they have a noble mission to perform. The praise of song is second only to the worship of prayer, and the gospel singer goes hand in hand with the minister in leading mankind to Christ.

C. E. WHITTINGTON, Pres.
E. J. BEARD, Sec.

REILY SPRINGS, TEX., Aug. 22, 1899.

Editor Million—We have attended a Normal of twenty days at Union, taught by Prof. C. J. Hamrick, assisted by Miss Veta Bethell, Miss Bethell having charge of the instrumental department, and performed her duty well.

Prof. Hamrick performed his duty so excellently that we, as pupils of his class, feel it our duty to acknowledge his success before the public; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, pupils of the Union Normal, do extend to him our sincere thanks for his patience, kindness, faithful instructions and interest in us, and we wish thus publicly to attest our appreciation of the same. We shall never fail when opportunities are presented to help him in any way possible. We therefore recommend our teacher to any community wishing a normal music school taught, for we know him to be well qualified to fill his position.

Prof. Hamrick has taught three schools at this place, and his pupils are better pleased with every session. Go forward, then, dear brother, in the field of sacred song. You may not know in this life how much good you are doing, how many souls you are lifting to God by the inspiration of song, but you will know in "the sweet by and by" when they join you in that happy land of song, where the seraphs stand with fingers on their harp strings ready to join you in the songs of redemption. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of the above be furnished the MUSICAL MILLION for publication.

A. A. RUSSELL.
OCTAVIA BLACKMAN,
W. E STEPHENS,
BULAH MCMILLIAN,
F. H. LANGSTON,
HATTIE DRYE,
Committee.

COPIAH CO., MISS., Aug. 15, 1899.

Dear Million—The latter part of July my wife and self went back to Simpson county to visit mother, brother and sisters. We had a very pleasant trip, and while there attended a meeting at New Zion, the place we held our normal last summer. I conducted the music during the meeting, and had very good singing, with very fine preaching by Rev. J. R. Johnston, the pastor, and Brother Culpeper. We had a very good meeting and a number of accessions to the church.

After the close of the meeting we returned to our home at Crystal Springs, where I began to make preparations to go to Clary, Rankin county, where I began a school the 31st of July. We had a fine school, and the scholars a l advanced rapidly and did some good singing. I think the Lord was with us and I felt that I was strengthened.

Teachers, there is a great work for us to do for the Lord. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and push together, and while we are pushing the good work let us ask the Lord to add his power and blessing. There is plenty of work for all sincere teachers, and one of the great demands is for better teachers. I find those teachers who attend the normals are the ones who meet with the greatest success.

Hall's Improved Music Chart is the very thing for teachers. I don't think I could get along without one, and my students are all carried away with it.

Yours for Christ and song,

R. R. HILTON.

JASPER CO., MISS., Aug. 10, 1899.

Dear Million—I am proud to be numbered with those who love sacred song. I want to say to those who did not attend Prof. Hall's normal at Lake Como that you missed a fine opportunity. Do not do so again.

I am busy teaching a class at Masengale, this county. Besides our regular school work, we have several instrumental pupils who are making fine progress.

I have several schools to teach. Would say to our friends in Wayne county, let us make the next session, at Shady Grove, the best of all the sessions we have taught in that county. Friends, do not fail to come; the people will treat you royally, and we expect a large school.

H. P. BLACKWELL.

LAUREL, MISS., Aug. 22, 1899.

Dear Million—I write you a few lines to inform you and the brother teachers that I have been having fine classes. I closed one on the 18th of August with 70 pupils. Will open another on August 21st at Laurel, Miss., which promises to be a fine class, and from there will go to Sandersville.

W. S. WADE.

—o—

The foregoing articles should have appeared under the head of "Correspondence," but were received too late to be so "made up."

☞MR. J. H. RUEBUSH has just reached home from an extended trip and desires to say to the MILLION readers that he will write up his summer's work for the October number. Mr. Ruebush, with his brother W. H., have held the most prosperous schools that they have ever had. J. H. and W. H. Ruebush will hold several schools in Georgia and South Carolina this winter, announcements of which will appear in due time.

Good Music Teachers.

The question of prices charged by music teachers is one of great importance to all who are interested in musical education.

It is impossible to tell what kind of a teacher one is by the price charged, for they range to the extreme both high and low.

It is hard to tell what one's services are worth, for some teachers can impart more knowledge in a few moments than others can in an hour. One thing is safe to note, and that is that the one who places the price too low is doubtless as far from the right as the one who places it too high. A teacher can command all that is earned and if the price is kept unreasonably low it but tends to rate that teacher at a disadvantage and injures not only this teacher but all others, by the price being unjustly too low.

Then the other extreme of placing too high an estimate on one's services is just as hurtful. If one were worth all that is charged, it would be right, but some teachers have fooled the public into the belief that they are worth more, as a teacher, than they can earn in the short time they give to a lesson. The low price is unfair to the teacher and the high one is unfair to the pupil.

Either extreme is unfair to the profession. We plead for prices so reasonably adjusted that it will tend to bring us together on a middle ground, and bring more people into our great schools of music. As it now is, only the rich and fortunate ones can afford to take lessons from some teachers who ask as high as $5 for a half-hour's lesson. There may be teachers that are worth that much but we feel sure that some are charging that price that do not give value received. A teacher that will make such terms and give lessons, only for the money, is a blemish to the calling.

The public is not so much needing *cheap* teachers as they are needing *good* teachers. Let us have more who will try to give a more thorough and general course of instruction and at prices that will be in reach of all who are needing this instruction.

We do not blame a teacher, who has spent a large sum of money in getting a good education, for getting a good price for teaching, any more than we would blame a poor teacher for trying to do a thing for which they know they are not competent and then charging a mere pittance for their services.

Either extreme is hurtful to the calling and nothing will so tend to help us as will good, competent teachers who are in love with their calling and who will give honest lessons at honest prices.

Get all you are worth, but be sure to give all you charge for.—*J. M. Hunt, in Word and Way.*

Poet's Corner.

For The Million.

THE SONGS OF OLD.

BY W. LOMAX CHILDRESS.

There are many precious pictures
In memory's golden glow,
And the rills that run the sweetest
Are the streams of long ago;
And a cadence lingers ever
In the checkered dun and gold—
The music of the songs they sung,
The precious songs of old.

Though the lips are dust and ashes,
And the voyage of life is past,
And the spirits sweet have entered
Into perfect life at last,—
Like the music of the thrushes,
When the hours of day are told,
From the border-land of silence
Come the happy songs of old.

And the sweetest song that greets me,
From the fragrance of the past,
Is the Lullaby of Mother
O'er the trundle-bed at last:
"Oh, the angels hover o'er thee"—
Now the eyes begin to blur;
Now I wish that I could climb to God
And be at rest with her.

I would forfeit all the power,
All the gain I would forget,
Just to kiss the lips that trembled
Into sudden music yet;
Just to touch the hands that loosened
When the gray was on the gold,
And face to face to hear them sing
The tender songs of old.

And I hope that in the valley,
When the time is come to go
And the soul is searching keenly
For the forms that loved it so,
Like the flutes of God, the music
Through the darkness o'er me rolled,
May lead me to the dawning light,
The happy songs of old.

For The Million.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY IDA BRADSHAW.

Oh, wonderful, magical River of Time!
Thy sweet, melancholy story flows on,
Revealing to us thy power sublime,
Revealing to us that power we've none.

Thou bring'st us all our dear, beloved friends,
All of our acquaintances, good and bad;
And, O Time, on thy sweet pleasure depends
Whether our passing days are joyous or sad.

On thy heaving billows, O stream of Life,
We are carried ever easily on,
Thro' life's hard toils and cares and trials and strife,
But we will ask to where, for what, of not one.

But we do ask of thee, oh, long, long stream,
Where, O where dost thou carry us to now?
Our answer comes back from that dismal stream,
"I cannot tell you now—no, no, not now.

How sweetly we sailed with our friends on thee!
(The friends we thought faithful and true),
But alas! where are they? Wilt thou tell me,
The false and faithful ones, too.

Some were torn from us in a thundering blast,
And we hear of, or see them, no more,
While others, ever true to the last,
Were landed safe on the peaceful shore.

And some have drifted far, far away,
Who promised to return again;
But thou, swiftly flowing still on to-day,
Hath buried our hopes, which were vain.

On, onward, still on, "rushing tide of years,"
Thou canst rise between friend and friend;
But no matter how many the storms and tears,
Fond memory will last to the end.

Swiftly carry me on, sweet river of Life,
To the port for which we're all bound—
To the port where will end all sorrow and strife
And oblivion's long lost will be found.

Still onward will be thy perpetual flow,
But we'll fear thy tempest no more;
We'll be anchored in peace where storms never blow,
With our Savior on heaven's bright shore.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that heavenly place!
With our friends and loved ones we'll rest,
Amid pleasures no time can efface,
In our home in the land of the blest.

For The Million.

DEAR LITTLE SONG.

BY HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Dear little song—
Long, long ago
I heard its melody
Softly flow;
And the dear, sweet voice
That sang it so well—
I loved it more
Than I ever could tell.

Dear little song—
Long, long ago
I heard its melody
Softly flow;
And the dear, sweet voice
That sang it to me—
I loved it more
Than I thought could be.

Dear little song—
Long, long ago
I heard its melody
Softly flow;
But the dear, sweet voice
That sang it in love
Is singing it now
In the heaven above.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

John Finley was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1797; died in 1866. After serving an apprenticeship as a tanner and currier, he went to Richmond, Indiana, of which place he was for a time mayor. He wrote many short poems, which appeared in the newspapers. One of these, "Bachelor's Hall," was for a long time attributed to Thomas Moore:

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! What a quare-looking place it is!
Keep me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burning disgrace it is
Niver at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

There like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would flavor his palate, you know!

His meal being over his table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can!
But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fretting so,
Oeh! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and sich greasy commoditles,
Ashes and pratie skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a store-house of comical oddities
Sich as had niver been nelghbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shivering,
Niver the bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kivering:—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

—Pocahontas Times.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp, and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! Ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The other side! No sin is there
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief. no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The other side! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair!
And many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore;
I seem to see them there.

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care;
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there.

MOLLY IN THE CHOIR.

In a blaze of golden sunshine,
Sabbath morning sunshine gay,
Laughed a girl with hair all glory,
Fresh young face and eyes of gray.
Head uplifted, red lips parted,
Caroled she of faith's desire,
Sang she with a voice of heaven—
That was Molly in the choir.

In a flood of chastened glory,
Great white light from out the West,
Stood a woman, loveliest, fairest,
In her face her soul expressed.
With a voice that pierced the stillness,
Chastened sweetness rising higher,
Sang she with a voice of heaven—
That was Molly in the choir.

In the gloom of winter, beating
'Gainst the pane fierce storm and sleet
Stands a woman, sorrow-laden,
With a face resigned and sweet.
Still that voice that rises clearly
Thrills all hearts with holy fire;
Well she used her gift from heaven—
That is Molly in the choir.

—E. C. W., In Farm News.

THE

MUSICAL MILLION

AND FIRESIDE FRIEND.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER - - - - Editor.
J. H. RUEBUSH, } Associate Editors.
J. H. HALL, }

Terms—Fifty Cents per Year.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

1. Buy a Postal Money Order on DAYTON, VA., if possible, and mail to us.
2. When you cannot procure a Money Order, register your letter to us.
3. Small sums may be sent in postage stamps—at full value.

—o—

RULES.

I. No names will be entered on our books unless cash accompanies the order.

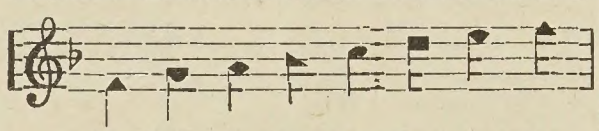
II. Postoffice, County and State must be given with all orders to insure prompt and safe delivery of papers or books.

III. In forming clubs the subscribers may be obtained from different postoffices.

IV. Renewals of subscriptions count the same as new subscribers in entitling the club agent to premium, but must be marked as such on list.

V. Agents working for a certain premium can send in portions of the club at different times, but must specify with EACH ORDER the premium they are desirous of obtaining—stating the number of subscribers sent in with each former order.

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.,
DAYTON, VA.



Do, Ray, Me, Faw, Sol, Law, Se, Do.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 Yr.
One Inch.....	$ 1 00	$ 1 75	$ 2 50	$ 4 50	$ 8 00
Two Inches.....	2 00	3 50	5 00	9 00	16 00
Three Inches.....	3 00	5 50	7 00	12 00	21 00
Half Column.. ..	4 25	8 00	11 50	21 00	39 00
One Column.....	8 50	16 00	22 00	42 00	72 00

Entered at the Postoffice at Dayton, Virginia, as second class matter.

DAYTON, VA., SEPT., 1899.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

☞ WHEN remittance is made to us by Postal Money Order, examine it carefully and see that it is payable at Dayton, VIRGINIA. We are constantly receiving Orders payable at Dayton, Ohio, or some other Dayton (and there are about 28 Daytons in the U. S.), which causes us great inconvenience and delay before they can be collected. Be sure yours is correct before mailing, and you will facilitate the collection of the order and perhaps avoid delay in receiving your books.

☞ Do not mix business matters with your letters and communications to the MILLION. Address all matters of BUSINESS to the FIRM, and all letters and articles for publication to the MUSICAL MILLION. Do not mix the two, and you will avoid mistakes and delays, and help all parties to carefully and correctly attend to the matters which you send us. THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

A PLEASANT VISITOR.

Mr. Sylvester Rudolph, of Shenandoah county, Virginia, a veteran singing master, who is eighty-one years of age, hale and hearty, paid the MILLION office a visit on Aug. 14, 1899, which was both an agreeable and pleasant one to all parties concerned, and a genuine surprise.

Mr. Rudolph has spent more than sixty years of his life in teaching sacred vocal music in what is known as the old-fashioned singing school, using various systems of musical notation, but mainly shaped notes. His first experience was with the use of the old four shapes, Fa, Sol, La, Me, etc., of Andrew Law, but since the year in which Jesse B. Aikin invented his system of music and the seven character notes, he has been a disciple of Aikin and an apostle to the musical Gentiles.

It was a most pleasant surprise to Prof. Rudolph to greet a number of pupils in Dayton whom he had instructed in music at the Old Stone Church, near Green Springs, in Frederick county, Va., long years agone. Among them we take pleasure in mentioning the names of our fellow townsmen, J. Winton Hott, Rev. J. N. Fries and Rev. Geo. P. Hott; Mrs. Rev. John W. Howe also was one of his pupils. Mr. R. has taught classes in Hardy, Hampshire, Pendleton, Mineral, Grant, and Jefferson counties, West Virginia, and in Frederick and nearly all the counties of the great Shenandoah Valley. What a record! Has the recording angel of Heaven's bureau kept a strict account of all the good done in the hundreds of singing classes taught by Bro. Rudolph in these many years? We would love to read the record, would you not, dear reader?

Mr. Rudolph spent the night and day of the 14th with the editor's family, and, as Mrs. K. is of the same order and faith as Mr. R, viz., Evangelical Lutheran, the hours passed away pleasantly in speaking of musical systems and religious creeds.

The day and night of the 15th Mr. R. was entertained by E. Ruebush and family in recounting memories of the old singing school days and in recalling incidents of the dear, dim, dead past, and in enjoying the amenities of life generally.

On the morning of the 16th a matter of business was consummated whereby The Ruebush-Kieffer Co. become the proprietors of the justly celebrated Aikin Charts. Many hundreds of these charts have been used by teachers in the South and North, and by their simplicity have proven an invaluable aid to teacher and pupil. These charts will, in a few weeks, be placed upon the market. Keep your eye open for announcements later on in the MILLION.

K.

AN EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE enter a demurrer to Rev. J. M. Graybill's article in this number, but only so far as it refers to George Gordon, Lord Byron. We feel sure our excellent brother has not familiarized himself with the life of Byron, he who could exclaim:

"That immortality of life secure
To him alone whose faith in Christ is sure."

Or,

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.'

Or,

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell:
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

"Don Juan" is conceded to be the most immoral of all the epics of Byron, and yet he adds a foot-note to stanza 18 of the 15th canto, as follows:

"And thou, Diviner still,
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken."

"As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say, that I mean, by 'Diviner still,' CHRIST. If ever God was Man—or Man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use—or abuse—made of it. Mr. Channing one day quoted Christianity to sanction Negro Slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified, that black men might be scourged?"

The foregoing expressions certainly do not savor of infidelity regarding the life and teaching of our Savior.

K.

REASONABLE REQUESTS.

THE editors of the MILLION modestly request of correspondents the following:

I. Write as briefly as possible concerning your schools, normals and conventions.

II. Do not use from three to four sheets of legal cap to report a meeting of this or that singing class, when a page of commercial note paper would answer the purpose.

III. Do not report, in detail, where you jumped into your buggy, boarded the train, or mounted your "fiery steed" to go to this or that church or school-house, for the reason that we have not space for such details.

IV. Remember that the MILLION is only a 20-page monthly, and not an 8, 10 or 12 page nine column daily. If it were, we could make room for all.

V. Do not send us minutes of musical associations expecting them to appear in full text in the MILLION. We have not the room to do so; but when you want them printed in pamphlet form we can and will do it as cheaply as any company in the United States or Canada.

VI. Do not mix up your orders for books or musical merchandise or send checks or money orders in letters intended for publication.

VII. Observe these rules, and the MILLION and its publishers will ever do their best to accommodate you.

VIII. Do not write business letters to the Company or to the editors on a cheap quality of school tablet paper with an indifferent pencil. Such letters and communications are trying on the eyes and nerves and frequently almost undecipherable.

K.

PERSONAL.

P. R. Hegwood, of Mississippi, is a regular singing school hustler. He is busy as a bee and is doing much excellent work. H.

H. L. Coker, of Arkansas, is a hustler in the singing school and is doing a grand work for the cause. Success to you, brother. H.

H. P. Blackwell, of Mississippi, is another of our busy normalites who is doing excellent work. See his ad. in another column. H.

W. P. Blakeney, of Mississippi, is pushing the good work to the front. Any community will do well to employ Mr. Blakeney to teach a school for them. H.

J. S. Evans, of Mississippi, is also pushing the grand cause of sacred song by teaching the people to "sing with the spirit and the understanding." H.

Jas. W. Pickering, of Mississippi, is as busy as usual teaching the divine art. Mr. Pickering is an excellent teacher and is doing great work in the churches by improving sacred song. H.

W. L. Bush, of Arkansas, has a busy season before him. He has ordered 200 SACRED HYMNAL since our normal at Boonsboro. Brother Bush says, "The SACRED HYMNAL is the best church book in the market." H.

W. S. Wade, of Mississippi, writes, "I have a fine class which opened the first day with 63 students, and more joining daily. Have more calls than I can attend to. Will attend your normal in November and December." Brother Wade is a good teacher and a Christian, who puts his soul into developing a higher standard of church music. H.

J. J. Bass, of Mississippi, writes that no doubt they will have a large attendance at our normal which commences Nov. 27th (see ad.). This normal will be held near Hattiesburg, Perry county, Miss. Many teachers and students have already expressed their intention of attending. Now, friends, make your arrangement early and take in the full twenty days. H.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE reason that our August number was late in making its appearance was due simply to the fact that our presses were kept running to their full capacity to supply books. The Ruebush-Kieffer Co. has been busier in filling book orders during the season of 1899 than in any previous year of its history. This (the September) number of the MILLION is out on time, and we hope there may be no occasion in the future to make another apology for being late.

K.

THE music pages in this number are taken from CHILDREN OF ZION, a Sunday-school music book edited by A. S. Kieffer. Send 15 cents for a specimen copy, or $1.20 for a dozen copies, and become one of the CHILDREN OF ZION. K.

The Etude.

THE most pretentious, as well as the best edited and conducted musical journal on the continent, is *The Etude*, edited by Theo. Presser. We remember its small beginnings in years gone by; but the little acorn, planted by a German musician twenty years agone has developed into an oak. The August number is an unusually fine one. The wide-awake music teacher or earnest student can ill afford to do without *The Etude*. We copy the following from the August number, giving credit to all parties:

Song-Writing as a Profession.

The song-writer's lot is often an unhappy one. He is generally coldly greeted in all quarters of the publishing world, and in private life his friends attribute his failures to lack of ambition. Fault is frequently found with his verses, and he is often accused of having purloined his music.

A man might write a song which would compare favorably with the greatest successes of the day, and yet not find a publisher who would print it. It is a queer market to enter.

Those familiar with the "popular" music market of the day know that tons and tons of utterly worthless compositions are turned out monthly, and one naturally wonders why a better class of work is not issued. A few songs of the period seem destined for immortality, although they are not the only good songs which the generation has given to the world. There are hundreds equally as meritorious, but they were only born to breathe their tenderness a time or two and then allowed to sink into everlasting obscurity.

There is very little room in this world for the ambitious song-writer. His melodies of friendship, love, and home are fiercely antagonized by doggerel efforts which illiterately tell of the escapades of shameless characters.

The public loves and can appreciate good music and rhythmic poetry, but because these are not acceptable to specialty artists they are sometimes declined by publishers. Something which will permit a man to make a fool of himself, or a woman to appear bold, seems eminently more desirable.

Most song-writers are continually making hits—in their minds. Sometimes a man conceives a brilliant idea, sets it to tuneful music, and firmly believes that fortune has at last smiled upon him. Visions of thousands of dollars flit before his mind's eye. He fancies that his song will make him rich and famous. He starts out to find a publisher, and is rather independent about selecting one. But he generally returns home with his manuscript in his pocket and his heart in the slough of despondency.

An idea is good enough until you try to sell it. Then you will find that this is a satisfied old world, and that it is in no way eager for anything new.

And so the song-writer frequently falls from the dizzy heights of fervent hopes to the craggy depths of utter despair.

Nearly all song-writers are poor. In chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of fortune they grow impractical. Failure doesn't daunt them in their chase for fame. Disappointment only strengthens their determination to win, and they toil on in the hope that some day they will make a hit.

And so their coats grow faded and threadbare, their lips close more tightly over their set teeth, and their hearts weary of the fitful life of striving to exist another day.—*John J. M'Intyre, in The Song-Writer.* K.

A NEW note has been sounded in fiction by the serial, "A Sunny Southerner," now being published in the *Woman's Home Companion*. The author, Julia Magruder, never wrote a better novel nor one that goes more deeply into character-study than this story of the gradual reconstruction of the social standards of the South.

Editorial Correspondence.

PIEDMONT, S. C., July 29, 1899.

Dear Million:—When we wrote our last letter we were in the midst of our normal at Mt. Airy, N. C. We closed the normal at that place Thursday night, July 20th, with the rendition of the cantata, "Under the Palms." The cantata was rendered in the opera house to an audience of over 500. The school was in every respect a grand success. Mr. E. H. Wren, along with Mr. McCargo and others, did splendid work in Mt. Airy in looking after the interests of the school. Mr. J. H. East, however, of Pine Ridge, deserves the banner for working up pupils. We here desire to thank these gentlemen for their kind help.

On Saturday night, July 15th, with my brother, Prof. W. H. Ruebush, Prof. East, Prof. Bland and daughters, we gave a concert at Laurel Bluff to a full house. I wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Thompson for their kind hospitality in entertaining me on this occasion. Mr. Thompson is owner and manager of the Laurel Bluff Cotton Mills, and is most highly esteemed by all who know him. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson do a great deal for the people working for them, and have exerted an influence of great good in that community.

My brother, W. H. Ruebush, was associated with me in the work of the normal and is recognized by all as a musician and teacher of the first grade. Profs. J. H. East and J. F. Bland also did some work in the school and are teachers of merit. Great interest was taken in the work by all the pupils, and at the final examination the grades spoke well for pupils and teachers. The total enrollment of the school was 172, and the effect of so many voices well trained was most inspiring.

From Mt. Airy my brother and myself came to this place—or, rather, to Greenville, and there met and were entertained by our old friend, Mr. J. L. Haynie. From there we came here, and on Monday morning, July 24th, opened our school at this place (Piedmont). This is the third session of the normal for this locality, and so we are not surprised at a total enrollment of 225 pupils. Well, Messrs. Dalton, Haynie, Walker, Sloan, Rowell and Griffin know how to make such a school go, and it is going. The talent in the school is also good. The work of the previous normals here shows in the advanced pupils that we have in the school. We have quite a number of pupils who are far above many so-called teachers in their qualifications. At the close of the normal we will have an examination and will issue certificates to those passing with a satisfactory grade. We propose to put teaching and musicians on a higher stand, however, than some have been doing. We also propose to have these certificates lead up from time to time as the pupil may advance, until it will entitle the holder to a Diploma from The People's Music School. We intend that any papers we give shall come from a properly authorized source, and thus be of value to the holder.

We hear from North Carolina that one hundred pupils have already been guaranteed for our normal next year. Now, dear teachers of North Carolina, make your plans to attend. You won't make any mistake by attending the National Normal School of Music. Watch the MILLION and see where these schools are being held, and arrange to attend some of their session.

Yours for the work, J. H. RUEBUSH.

DAYTON, VA., Aug. 22, 1899.

Dear Million—We closed our Normal in Lake Como, Miss., on July 25th, with a concert. The class did some nice singing, which was much enjoyed by all present. The enrollment reached 103 students in regular attendance. The students did some good work. We expect to have good reports from a number of our teachers. We have a number of well prepared and hustling teachers in Mississippi who are doing excellent work in improving the music in the various churches, and certainly this should be the true teacher's motto—to improve the music in the churches.

Before leaving Mississippi we contracted to hold two more sessions of the National Normal School of Music in that State—one session in Perry county, near Hattiesburg, November 27 to December 19, 1899 (see ad.), and one session at Montrose, August 10 to September 1, 1900. All look forward to these sessions to have a grand and glorious musical feast.

July 26th we boarded the train for our next engagement in Arkansas, arriving on Friday, the 28th, at Paris, Ark., where Mr. S. M. Hull met and conveyed us to his home. On Saturday, the 29th, we went to Burnett Springs, and thence to Antioch church, near by, where we held our normal. On Sunday afternoon we had a social singing, which was much enjoyed by a large audience. On Monday, July 31st, we opened our school, and much enthusiasm ensued and continued through the entire session. Some splendid work was done by both teachers and pupils in attendance. The school was not so large as it might have been, but much good was accomplished. Fifty students, with a large percentage of teachers, in this school will certainly be heard from.

As usual, the SACRED HYMNAL is the favorite for all church work. Our Chart is holding its own as the musial wonder.

We closed our normal August 16th with a concert which was much enjoyed by an appreciative audience. On Thursday, the 17th, we started for our home, arriving safely on Saturday evening, the 19th.

Our summer's work was most excellent. The future grows brighter and brighter. More work than a dozen men can do. We need more well prepared men who can and will do solid, substantial work for the great cause of sacred song. So teachers, don't fail to attend the National Normal School of Music.

Yours for sacred song, J. H. HALL.

Life of Admiral Dewey.

"The Life of Admiral Dewey," by Hon. John Barrett, late United States Minister to Siam, will be published by Harper & Bros. in the autumn.

Music Department.

For The Million.

Song-Writing.

BY H. A. MULLENNIX.

THIS is an age of song and song-writing. The country is being flooded with music of all kinds and in all forms. It is a fact, much to be regretted, that many are writing music(?) who are not capable of it. There is an inspiration in real song-writing which many are not in possession of The person who writes music that will live must, in the language of another, "let his mind soar away to the song-land and bring back the message." When this is done, a composition possessing merit will be the result.

Musicians are born, not made. Many are trying to write music who have to "make" their tunes, and the result is, they never accomplish very much.

Some of our best songs,—songs that have been in use for a century,—were written under circumstances which few people are under to-day. Their hearts' feelings were put in "song form," and such songs gained their proper place in the catalogue of living ones.

If people would write only when they felt an inclination, or inspiration, our music would be much improved. I speak of church and Sunday-school songs.

There is a great deal more in this than I can tell, but hope that what I have said will be helpful to some. I would much like to see our music improved.

For The Million.

The Character Note Notation.

BY F. E. COCHRAN.

THERE has undoubtedly been a great deal said respecting the "shaped" or "character note" system; yet we feel that the subject is still in its infancy, and will require a great deal more speculation before it will become exhausted.

We do not wish to be "cranky" or anything of that sort on any subject, but think that everything should have its just deserts. The cause of character notes has been abused and ridiculed beyond expression, and yet it is rapidly coming to the front through the earnestness and integrity of its advocates, who in former years endured the shame and ridicule that became almost unbearable; yet there is a crown waiting for all the faithful.

What can be more plain to the young mind than a picture? There are pictures which we beheld in our childhood days which were so vividly painted on our young minds that they shall never be eradicated. Among these pictures are the Do, Re, Mi's of the character note system. The shaped note is a picture within itself, which is the beauty of intelligence. The rich, the poor—all classes of the human family—can obtain a musical education if the shaped note notation be made a standard and universal notation, and every one made an independent note reader.

It has been proven beyond a doubt that all short modulations are made plainer by the character note system, which ought to satisfy any one who is laboring in doubt. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death."

Interesting West Virginia Letter.

Dear Million—May I have room in your good, clean columns to express a few of my wandering thoughts?

The years have come and gone since I first learned of the Funks, Singer's Glen, the

CHILDREN IN ZION. 5
"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—ZECH. viii. 5
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.
DUET. Cheerfully.
1. Oh, ma - ny, ma - ny children, In Zi - on shall be found; We hear their happy voices, And pleasant is the sound;
2. Oh, who will be the children With - in the cit - y bright? Will you be one to en - ter, And come by morning light?
3. Then come and bring a playmate, Perchance a broth-er dear; Let sisters come togeth- er, Oh, nev-er, nev-er, fear;
For children can be Christians, And while at work, or play, Be gentle like the Master, And all his words o - bey.
Oh, do not wait till old - er— The shadows may appear— You may not see to en - ter When night is al- most here.
For Zi - on must have children Up - on the golden street, Then come, and bring in with you Whoev-er you may meet.
CHORUS.
Oh, children, come to Je - sus! His ser-vice is a joy; Oh, come within the cit - y, Yes, ev-'ry girl and boy.

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Musical Casket, and, lastly, of the MUSICAL MILLION and some of its advocates. How strangely sacred these reminiscences are to me I will not attempt to tell, but they are in my mind and soul.

I am a dear lover of music, especially vocal; it has a magnetic charm for my being that nothing else can afford. In my early mountain home its blessed strains entwined their silver threads about my heart. I am of a family that was blessed with a musical ancestry. Samuel Grose (my great grandfather), came here in 1818, from Bath county, Virginia, and with the shrill notes of his fife, trained to tune and time in the War of 1812, he helped drive the panther and wolf and hooting owlet from these mountain wilds. My grandfather, Jefferson Grose, and his brothers, were all of musical taste and talent, and sang in the church from the books of William Walker, Dr. Lowell Mason and Joseph Funk and sons. The next generation, so numerically great, had scores of good singers and players. Among them all, I beg room to speak of only one—James K. Grose, my dear uncle—who was an old-time singing teacher, as we call them nowadays. He resided in Clay county, this State, and was an extra singer of his day. He was born in 1830, and passed away near four years ago. He was quiet and unassuming, and while he did not teach much, he spent a great deal of time singing on Saturdays and Sundays, and thus did much for music. His class leader said to me in the last year: "We are almost ruined without 'Uncle Jim,'" as they were all wont to call him. But enough of this.

West Virginia is a good field for teachers who are well equipped for their business. There are fifty-five counties in this State, almost one-half of which number border on railroads; a good portion of the entire length is mining districts, oil fields, and lumber camps; and then in the rural districts reside the best elements of society, and in hundreds of places the Macedonian cry may be heard, "Come over and help us." Our people demand teachers to be men of sound morals and with ability to teach. The old idea that the man of largest mouth and longest wind power is the man, is fast receding; yet in many places ignorance abounds. In my work last winter a man told me this story of his son: He said, I sent William to school for years, and tried to make him intelligent. He learned all literary things, but no music. One day, when asked to officiate in meeting, he read a Short Meter hymn, and said, "Sing to Solomon Meter." I said, "Will, there is no such meter; it is Short meter. He affirmed it, and said, "I know 'tis Solomon meter," and the congregation sang. But this is only one case in a thousand.

I have taught in my little way in Nicholas, Fayette, Kanawha, Webster, Braxton, Roane and Gilmer counties, all in West Virginia, to the number of 99 classes. I will teach my 100th class in my home county soon.

I have used many books in schools, but none give better general satisfaction than "Star of Bethlehem," "Temple Star," Messenger of Song" and "Crowning Day."

The music tide is rising. Many families who ten years ago would deride Dr. Mason or discard "Gospel Hymns" for a copy of their grandfather's Vest-pocket Hymnal, are falling into line. Music is taking some hold on the public schools, I think.

The ransomed shall return from their long silence and soon learn that God is the author of music, and none are too refined to sing. Dear teachers, North, South, East and West, let us take new courage, put on the breastplate of faith, and in the golden summer and autumn days to follow do the best work of our lives. May God send a thrill of inspiration to the heart of every teacher and leader, that we may make His praise glorious.

A. V. GROSE.

Musical Queen Victoria.

WHEN Queen Victoria first began to learn the piano, says a writer in "Pearson's Weekly," she soon became tired of the daily drudgery of scales and exercises. On one occasion she shut the piano with a royal bang, locked it and declared she would never use it again. She was soon, however, persuaded by her mistress to give it another trial, and, after careful training, both of her fingers and voice, she was allowed at the age of 12 to accompany her mother in duets at the houses of their friends.

Tom Moore, in a letter about this time, mentions the pleasure given by the two princesses by their singing.

When the Queen more appreciated the value of what she had learned, she became very intimate with the works of such masters as Handel, Gluck and Mendelssohn,

26
THE CHILDREN OF ZION.
Ar Cho. by J. H. HALL.
1. Come chil - dren of Zi - on and help us to sing, Loud an - thems of praise to our
2. In re - gions of dark - ness, and sor - row and pains, We all lay in ru - in, in
3. O come to the Sav - iour and take up the cross, Seek treas - ure in heav - en, count
Sav - iour and King, Whose life once was giv - en our souls to re - deem, And
pris - ou and chains, But Je - sus, has bought us with His pre - cious blood, The
all else but loss; His mer - cy in - vites us, then let us com - ply— Oh
CHORUS.
bring us to heav - en to reign there with Him.
ran - som pro - vi - ded to bring us to God.
why should we lin - ger when it is so nigh.
Come chil - dren of Zi - on and
Come chil-dren of Zi - on and help us to sing, Come

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especially the last. He paid her, on one occasion, a memorial visit to Buckingham Palace. The "Hymn of Praise," of all his works, was her favorite.

Her Majesty possesses nearly sixty pianos in her various palaces, althongh, since the ladies and gentlemen of the household are each allowed one specially, the actual number is considerably more. Her most cherished instrument is a magnificent Steinway, made in Amboyna wood. This is kept in the crimson drawing-room in Windsor Castle, and is frequently used by Princess Beatrice. The tone is wonderfully mellow.

The Queen kept up her music and singing until quite recent years. It is rumored that more than one original composition has come from her pen. The general public, however, has not been fortunate enough to judge of these.

Her Majesty has never mastered the violin, although she delights to hear the performance of the Duke of Coburg on his instrument. This, by the way, is the only genuine Stradivarius in the royal family.

Stray Bits of Music.

How often, in passing along the street, we hear a stray bit of music floating out from an open door or window. Sometimes it is a voice, and sometimes it is the sound of a piano, or an organ, or a violin. And how many different emotions it can rouse! Now a lively air sets our blood a-dancing, and now a few bars of a martial song stir us with the thought of nniforms and marching men. Or, perhaps, it is a familiar lullaby that we used to hear long, long ago, and that carries us away back into the past. Or, perhaps, on some quiet summer evening we hear the voices of father and mother and children blended in some old hymn that seems to take us nearer to God than the grandest anthems of the best drilled choir. Sometimes it makes pleasant, happy thoughts, and sometimes it touches sorrowful memories of days when the world was very dark and seemed to hold nothing but trouble for us. But even when music makes us sad, it does so in a gentle, friendly way that leaves no bitter sting. Sad or gay, we like to hear it; and these stray bits of melody from other people's lives are almost always welcome.

Some of us can neither play nor sing; if we cannot let us remember that not all the music in the world goes by note. A laugh that is not too boisterous, but merry and happy and bright, is sometimes just as good as a song to cheer up a listener, and a pleasant voice is often better to live with than a piano or an organ. And sometimes a kindly, helpful word that comes straight out of the heart will do more good than either of them. In some way or other we can all add something to the world's music.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

Our new Catalogue contains much that will prove valuable to any purchaser of Music Books, Teachers' Supplies or Musical Instruments. It will be mailed to you free.

Questions and Answers.

Conducted by J. H. Hall.

Q.—1. What kind of clef is used on the upper staff in the song No. 106, Crowning Day No. 3.

2. In the last measure of the third score, and the first measure of the fourth score of the same song as above mentioned, which part has La and Sol?

B. T. L——, La.

A.—1. The clef you mention is named the C or Tenor clef, and is used for male voices. The song you mention is a male quartet. The upper part is first tenor; next to the upper is second tenor; the upper part on the bass staff is first bass, and the lowest part is second bass. This song is very popular and should only be sung as a male quartet. Try it in this way.

2. The notes with stems turning upward are for the first tenor, and those turning downward are for the second tenor. I trust this will be satisfactory to you. You must attend my normal in Mississippi in November. (See ad.)

——o——

Q. What is the best and most practical work on Harmony and Composition for self-instruction? J. A. C——, Ga.

A. "Practical Harmony and Composition," published by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., Dayton, Va., is unquestionably the most practical elementary work extant on the

THE CHILDREN OF ZION. Concluded. 27

help us to sing, Chil - dren, chil - dren of
chil-dren of Zi - on and help us to sing, Come children of Zi - on and help us to sing of
Zi - on and help us to sing. Come children of Zi - on and help us to sing, O
Zi - - on come help us to sing, O
children come help us to sing, Loud an - thems of praise to our Sav - iour and King.
chil - dren come help us to sing,

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subject of Harmony. There is nothing in the way of a treatise of the fundamental principles of Harmony and Composition published that is so clear and lucid as our "Practical Harmony and Composition." Send 50 cents and get a copy; it is the best.

Correspondence.

LAWRENCE CO., MISS., July 29, 1899.

Dear Million—Here I come again, with a few words about the Lake Como Normal. In a word, it was a grand success all the way round..

Say, let us all meet Prof. Hall at Providence, in Perry county, Miss, th s fall, and have another good normal; and then let us make our arrangements to go to the Prof. in Arkansas next July.

I am sorry to say that I missed my school at White Sand Church, but yet not left. I will take another school at Blountsville, where I taught last year. I am looking for a good school—not less than fifty anyway. I will begin August 7th.

Brother teachers, let us help Brother Bass in his normal this fall. Let us do all we can and we will be blessed for it in days to come. And let us put the SACRED HYMNAL in every church in the South. It has no superior in any way.

L. A. MILLER.

[The foregoing letter was received too late for the August number. Correspondents should have their manuscript in the publishers' hands by the 10th of the month preceding date of publication.—K.]

TEXANNA, IND. TER., Aug. 12, 1899.

Dear Million—Our school closed last night with a good concert, after a term of 20 days. We had an average of 35 in attendance, until the third week, when a measle scare began, and the attendance dropped to an average of 20. We have some good talent in the Texanna community. We used for our books REVIVAL TIDE and CROWNING DAY No. 3. I enclose copy of the program. [The program being too lengthy for our space, we omit.—ED.] We had a successful school.

ALBERT M. PERRY.

HABERSHAM CO., GA., Aug. 10, 1899.

Dear Milllon—I take pleasure in writing you that we have a good singing class at Ayresville. We are using your books altogether. CROWNING DAY No. 3 is a good book, but the SACRED HYMNAL is still better. Our class is steadily advancing in music, and I trust, animated by the Spirit and help of God, we may yet attain to higher and grander achievements in the science of music and in sacred song. During last year we organized a Sabbath school which we run in connection with our singing class. Last spring we re-organized under our former superintendent. I trust the Sabbath school and singing will be productive of much good in the salvation of souls and for God's glory.

JESSE SISK.

SABINE PAR., LA., Aug. 6, 1899.

Dear Million—After four years' silence as correspondent for the MILLION, I write again to tell your readers about the Pollock Normal. The morning of the 5th of July found me ready to enter our second normal. Many of us had never seen Mr. Hildebrand, and, of course, we were anxious to see our teacher. Our expectations were soon realized when Mr. Gilbert made us acquainted with him one by one. The organization was soon perfected and we were all soon at work. Everything moved off nicely. The school gave a sociable, to the delight of all who attended. It was good for old bachelors to be there. We could only look at the sweet faces of Louisiana's beauties and think of Mattie and the babies at home.

The normal proved a grand success. Many were delighted with the concert given at the close of school. After bidding our many new friends good-bye at the depot, we were soon speeding our way home. Sunday morning found us at Pelican to assist in a revival. Am now engaged in a 10-days' institute.

I have been trying to teach for fifteen years, but can truthfully say I never knew how to teach till now.

T. J. LITES.

Resolutions.

BULLARD, TEX., Aug. 4, 1899.

Dear Million:—Prof. S. J. Oslin has just closed an interesting singing school at Oak Grove, and we desire that the resolutions

H. R. TRICKETT. CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. J. H. FILLMORE. 33

1. Where the gold-en bells are ring - ing, Where the crys-tal wa-ters flow, I can hear the chil-dren
2. On the sea of glass I see them, Shin - ing brighter than the sun, Filled with ho - ly ex - ul-
3. O ye white-robed Zi-on chil - dren! Ye be-hold the Saviour's face; Sing, ye chor-is-ters of
4. Soon, ye loved ones, we will join you, We will come and swell your throng; Christ shall be our end-less

CHORUS.

sing - ing, Those who left us long a - go.
ta - tion, End - less bless-ed-ness be - gun.
heav - en, Sing the won-ders of His grace.
cho - rus, God our ev - er-last-ing song.
} "Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu-jah!" Hark! the white-robed

chil-dren sweetly sing-ing, "Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry to our King!"

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written below be published in the MILLION:

To whom it may Concern:

We, the Business Committee of the Eureka Normal Music School, taught by Prof S. J. Oslin, of Enterprise, I. T., at Oak Grove, Smith county, Texas, which began July 10th and closed August 3d, 1899, beg leave to submit the following:

Having attended this session of said school and being highly pleased with the manner and method of Prof. Oslin's teaching, and as he took particular pains in the advancement of each and every student,

Resolved—1. That we recommend him as a highly accomplished teacher, and we tender to him our heart-felt thanks for what he has done for us and the community.

2. That we endeavor to secure his services again in this section in the near future.

3. That we request the MUSICAL MILLION to publish these resolutions.

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W. J. SIDES,
JESSE HENRY,
CANDIS P. SMITH,
JENNY PHILLIPS,
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A Few of the Comments.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY REGARDING THE NORMAL WORK OF J. H. AND W. H. RUEBUSH.

From Mt. Airy (N. C.) News.

As previously announced, the Normal School of Music will close Thursday evening with the popular cantata, "Under the Palms." Our reporter chanced to drop in at the Academy one evening this week, while the school was rehearsing this grand selection, and he was electrified by the excellent manner in which the sentiment was so beautifully and forcibly brought out by the class. We feel warranted in saying that all who attend this (Thursday) evening will be doubly repaid for the trouble of coming out. Prof. Ruebush and his assistants will spare no labor or pains to make the occasion one of rare interest and enjoyment to all. We desire to say in this connection that the Normal has been a wonderful success both in the character of the work accomplished and also in point of attendance. One hundred and seventy-two have been enrolled during the term, and the progress made by those in attendance has been remarkable. We trust that our people properly appreciate this school, which was established solely for the purpose of helping those who love the "concord of sweet sounds" to a higher plane of musical talent, and we believe that the work of the faithful and efficient instructors of the Normal will be fully appreciated and felt many years to come. They have done a great deal of hard work, and let us all encourage them by coming out to the Opera House Thursday evening, July 20th.

* * *

From Piedmont (S. C.) Sun.

Prof. J. H. Ruebush and his co-laborers in conducting the National Normal School of Music, arrived in town last Saturday and were domiciled at the Piedmont Inn. Piedmont people are all glad to welcome the professor to our town once more. The splendid service he gave us a year ago has not been forgotten, nor has the influence of that service died away. The professor's personal qualities as a high-toned Christian gentleman endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and we are now experiencing what we have all anticipated—a renewal of the associations of a year ago. We voice the common sentiment when we say, "Welcome, professor, thrice welcome; we extend to you our hands, our hearts are yours already."

EVER since the days of President Pierce the first lady of the land has laid tribute to the conservatory of the White House from which to send fragrant messengers of comfort and cheer to the unfortunate and sick. In the October *Woman's Home Companion* Waldon Fawcett describes this floral fairyland, illustrating his account with photographs of its most inviting treasures and its rare exotics.

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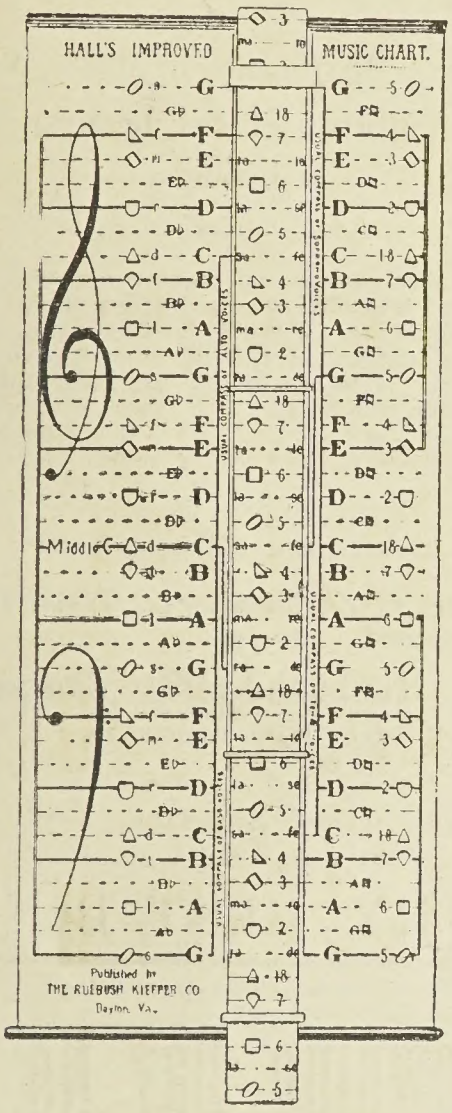

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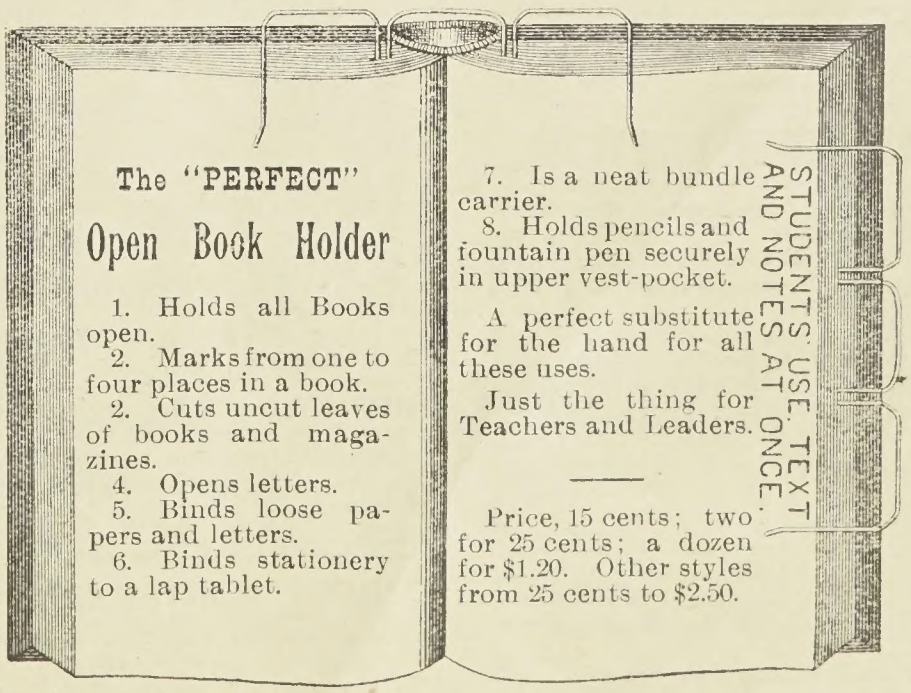
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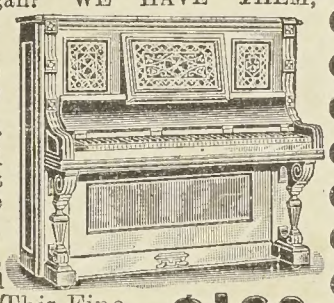

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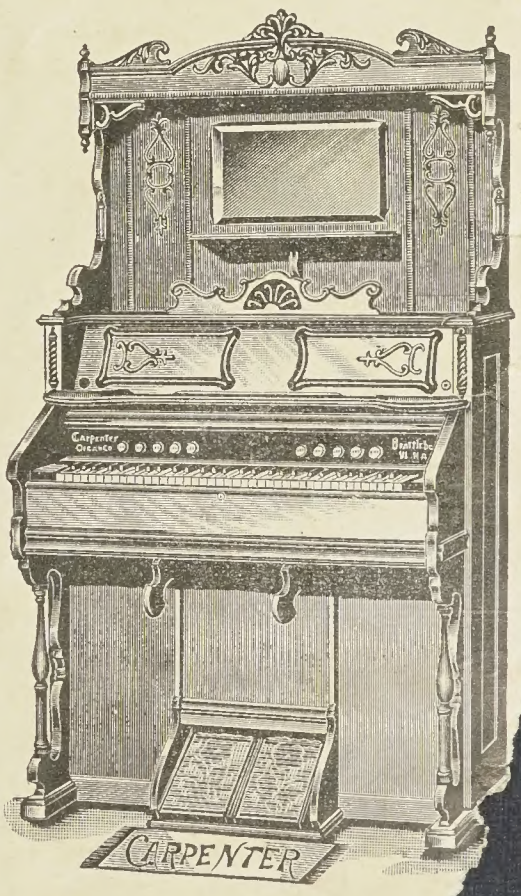

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